

HYMN

XXII, *Of her
Wisdom.*

EAGLE-eyed Wisdom ! Life's
loadstar!
Looking near, on things afar!
I OVE's best beloved daughter!
She hews to her spirit all that are !
As JOVE himself hath taught her
By this straight rule, She rectifies
Each thought, that in her heart
doth rise;
This is her clear true Mirror !
Her Looking Glass, wherein She
spies
All forms of Truth and Error.
Right Princely virtue, fit to reign!
enthronised in her spirit remain*
Guiding our fortunes ever !
If we this Star once cease to
see;
No doubt our State will
shipwrecked be,
And torn and sunk for ever.

HYMN XXXIII.

Of her Justice.

EXILED ASTRJEA is come again ! Lo
here She doth all things maintain
In number, weight, and measure ! She
rules us, with delightful pain, And
we obey with pleasure !
By Love, She rules more than by
Law ! Even her great Mercy
breedeth awe; This is her sword
and sceptre ! Herewith She hearts
did ever draw, And this guard ever
kept her.
Reward doth sit in her right hand !
Each Virtue, thence takes her
garland, Gathered in Honour's
garden ! In her left hand
(wherein should be Nought but the
sword) sits Clemency ! And
conquers Vice with pardon.